

PART THREE

ART WORK

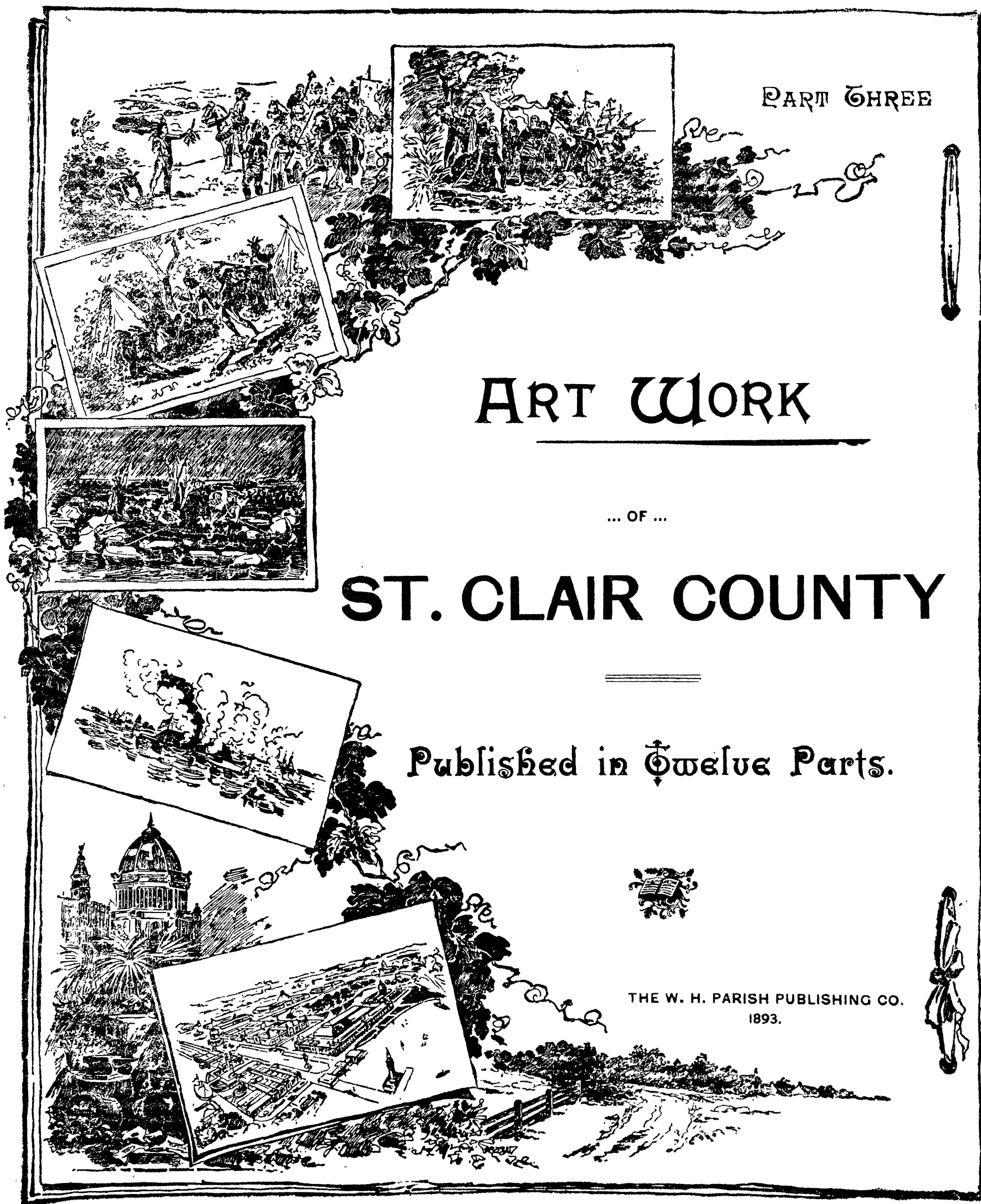
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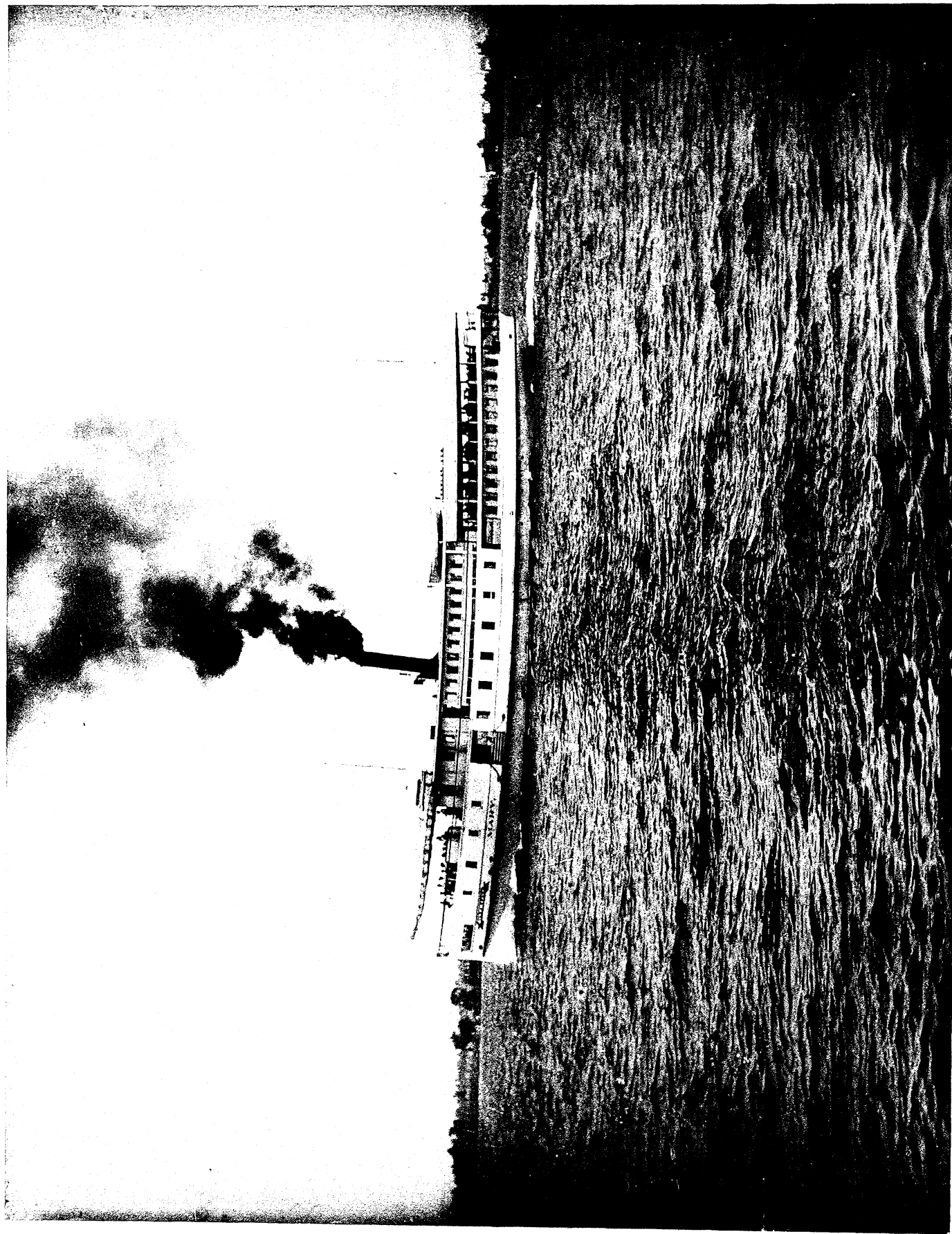
ST. CLAIR COUNTY

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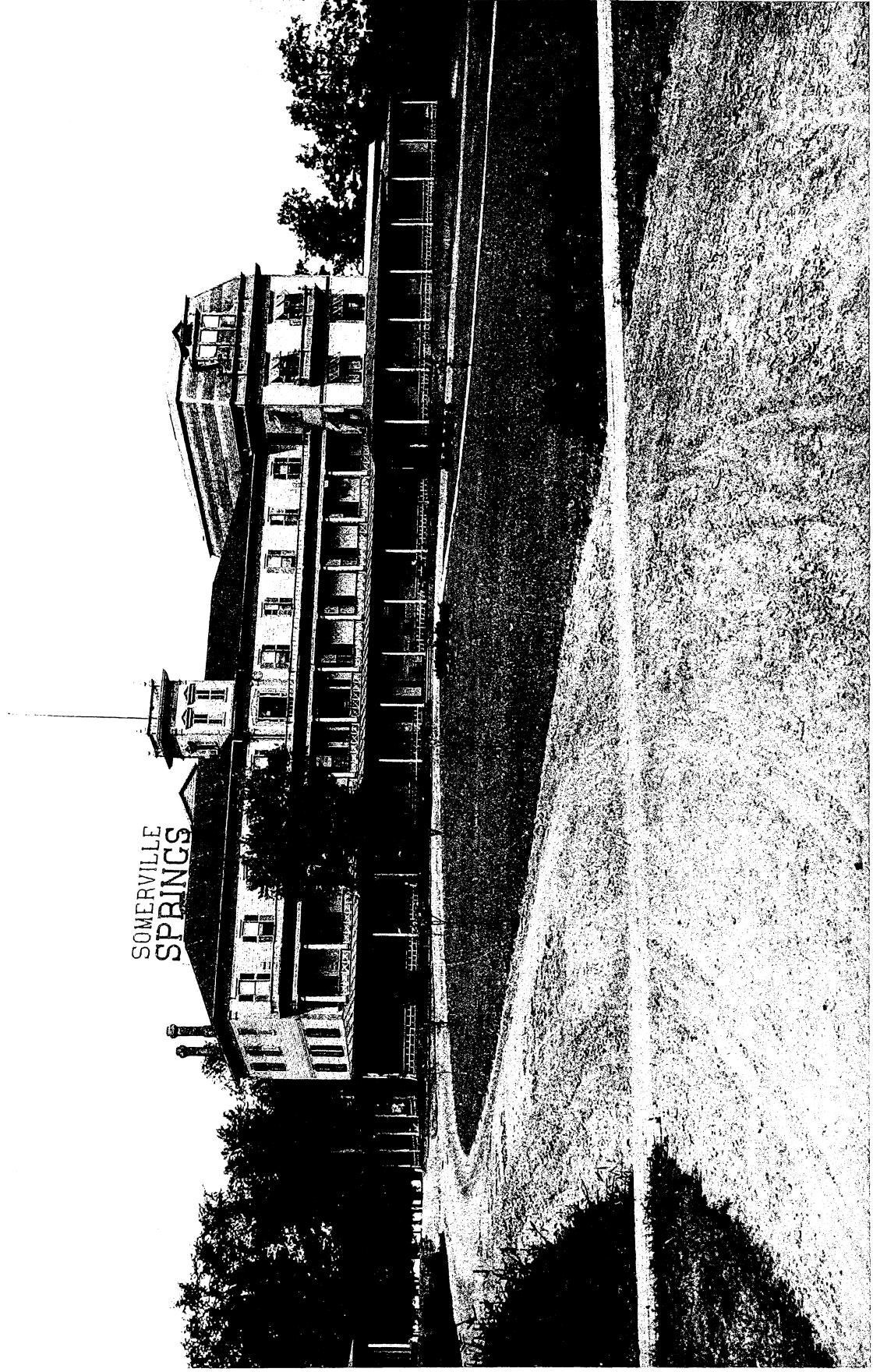
STEAMER MARY—ST. CLAIR.



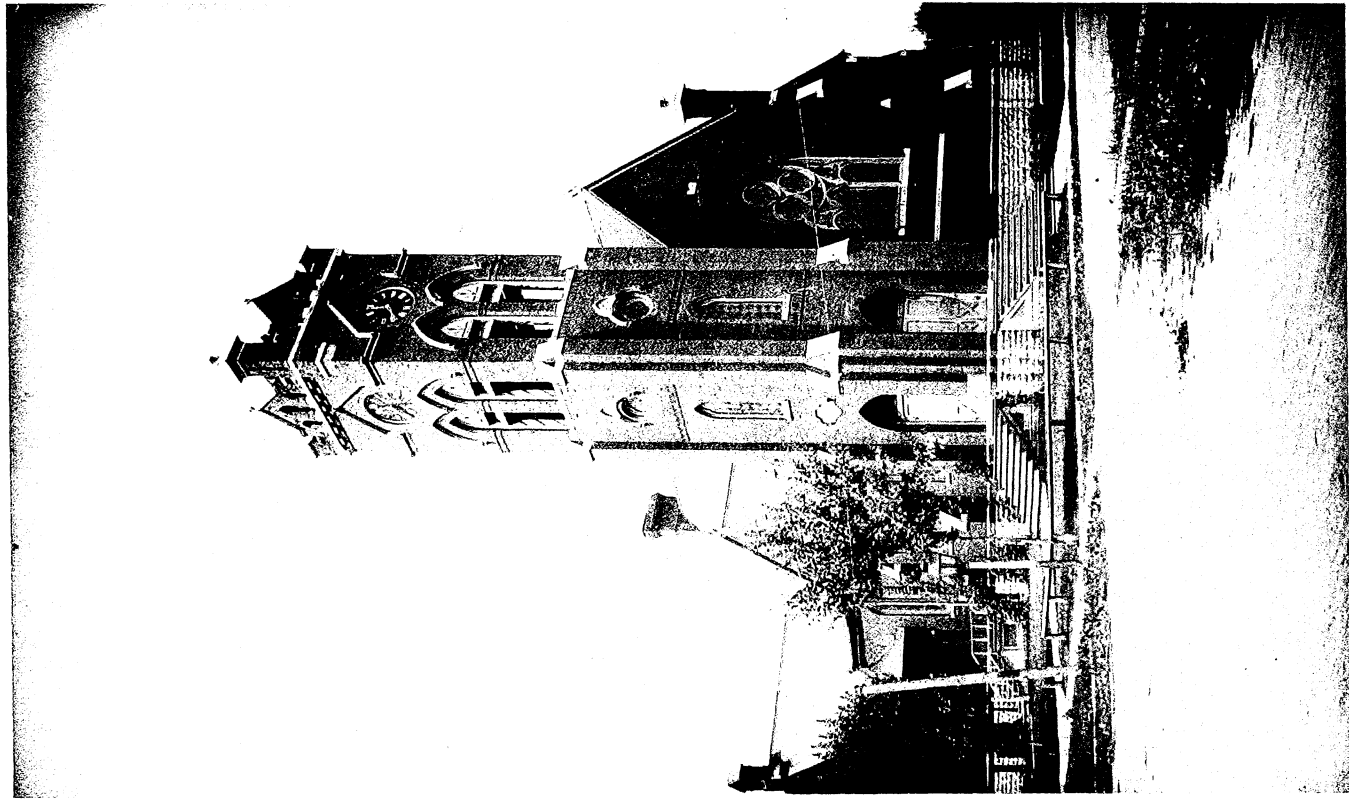
THE MACCABEE TEMPLE—PORT HURON.



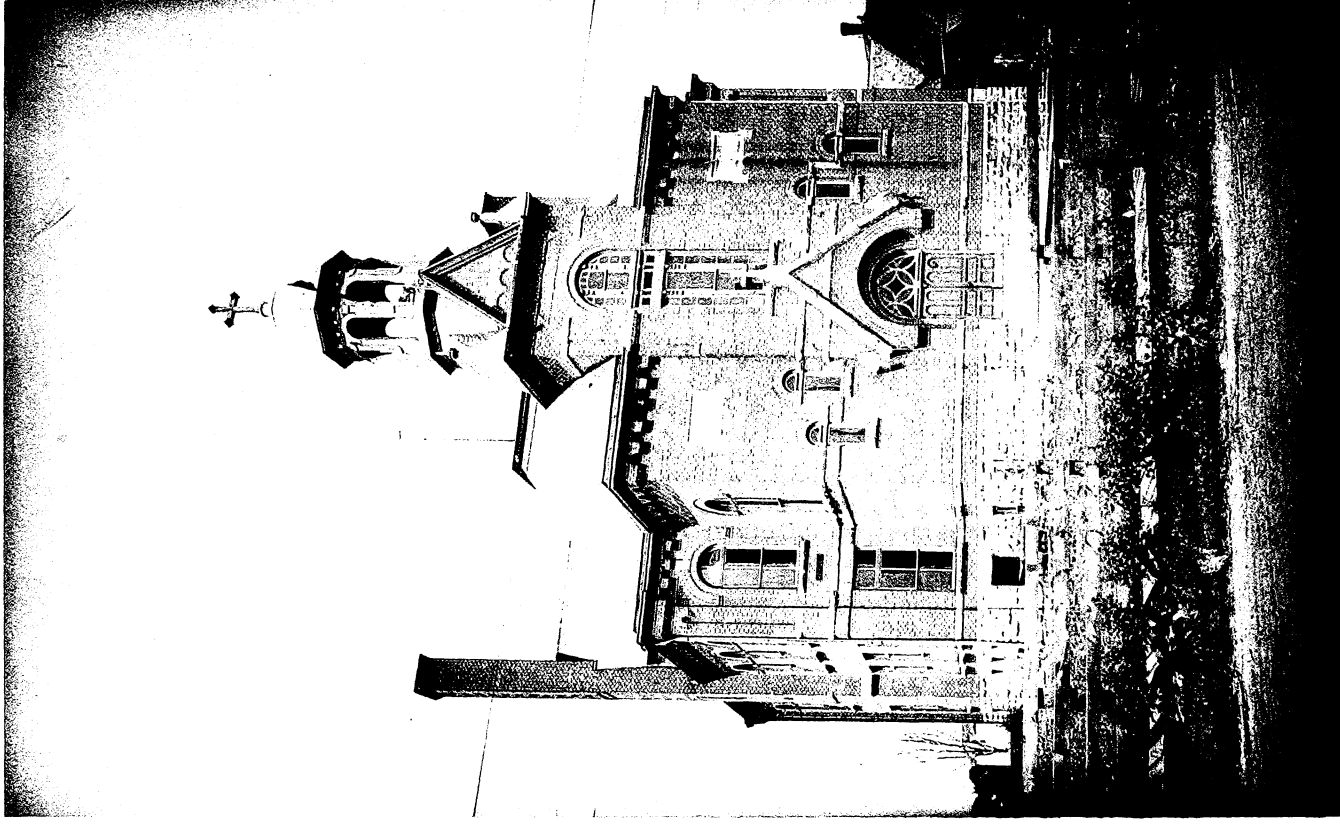
SCENES IN LAKESIDE CEMETERY--PORT HURON.



SOMERVILLE HOTEL—St. Clair.



FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—ST. CLAIR.



HOLY CROSS SCHOOL—MARINE CITY.



SCENE ON WATER STREET—MARINE CITY.

is a fruitless chase to those who do not carry it with them, and sorrows are of short duration to those who are illuminated with a mind at ease in a healthy body.

MEN OF PROMINENCE.

St. Clair county has furnished many men of superior intellect. The city of St. Clair, for many years the county seat of St. Clair county was first settled by white men in the month of October, 1808. The land upon which the city now stands was then known as private claim Nos. 304 and 305, and was confirmed by the general land office to John Melchum and James Melchum respectively. The first house was built by James Fulton. Louis St. Bernard came to St. Clair in the year 1814, and built a house on what is now known as Yankee street. Capt. Alexander St. Bernard is the son of Louis St. Bernard and Capt. St. Bernard was chief pilot on board the "United States steamer Michigan" from 1844 to 1868. He is a much respected citizen, and always regarded as a skillful navigator. He still lives on the banks of the grand old river where he first saw the light. Some sixty years ago there came from the hills of New Hampshire several families; the Carletons, the Barrons, the Truesdales, and others, and they located at or near Yankee street, so-called on account of the predominance of Yankee blood in the neighborhood. The Carletons and the Barrons especially were a prolific people; that is, in accordance with the scriptural injunction "they multiplied and replenished the earth." The name is known and honored throughout the county. Col. William Barron was for many years a prominent merchant in the village of St. Clair, and his name will long be remembered as an energetic, honest, straightforward citizen.

At Yankee street, in a home surrounded and partly submerged by creeping vines and the branches of trees, resides Mr. Chester Carleton, who has turned the eighty-second milestone in the journey of life. Mr. Carleton is a very intelligent and fine old Yankee gentleman. He is hale and hearty and jovial; he likes a joke and is not afraid to laugh. Mr. Carleton is not superstitious and never acknowledges a belief in anything as an accommodation, and he unhesitatingly rejects anything which does not conform to his reason. Mr. Carleton has buried two wives, also natives of the Old Granite State, and now morning and evening he looks out upon the familiar unchangeable old river alone, so far as the companions of his youth are concerned. Mr. Carleton, however, is blessed with a family of children, mostly daughters, who

revere the name of father and who lovingly anticipate his every want. It is indeed fortunate to be thus surrounded in the declining years of one's life.

Coming up the river from Yankee street eight miles we come to the Bunce homestead. For seventy years this quaint old building with its massive brick chimneys at each gable was the abiding place of Judge Zephaniah W. Bunce. Judge Bunce died within the walls of this old mansion at the advanced age of 102 years. The house occupied a rise of ground very near the bank of the river St. Clair; looking over the river one can see the log huts which dot the Canadian shore. These huts are the wigwams or homes of the Canadian Indian. These Indians always looked with reverence upon the kindly old gentleman whose Michigan home was in plain view of their reservation. These people often sought the advice of Judge Bunce to settle their disputes, and they trusted him because he never deceived them. In personal appearance Judge Bunce was the personification of the old-time gentleman, kind and courtly in his manner, and never at a loss for words to illustrate his meaning. He had a most retentive memory up to within a few weeks of his death.

Coming to Port Huron and looking backward over her history there is no lack of items of interest. Coupled with that history the name of Harrington is inseparable. Jeremiah Harrington was among the first white men to settle in Port Huron, and his descendants are still men of prominence and social distinction. Daniel B. Harrington was for many years a central figure in St. Clair county affairs. He was an extensive dealer and owner of real estate. He was a positive man, fond of anecdotes, and no man ever possessed a keener sense of the ridiculous. His stories were always to the point and usually told to illustrate the ideas which he sought to convey. No positive man escapes criticism and Mr. Harrington had his critics; he also had his enemies. He never boasted of charitable acts, yet there are many indeed who remember him kindly for the acts of kindness and favors which he bestowed in secret. There was no double dealing in the make up of D. B. Harrington; he seldom undertook to argue both sides of a question, and he never tried to appear in borrowed plumage. He had no love for *dudes* or loafers, and no patience with a prevaricator. His name will long be remembered, and his many good qualities of head and heart will be recognized by those who knew him intimately.

Somewhere between 1850 and 1860 there came to Port Huron a man named Samuel Edison. Mr. Edison was born in one of the British North American provinces, although he came to Port

